IRONDALE NEWSLETTER

Produced by the Bark Lake Cultural Developments

August / September '24

Bark Lake Cultural Developments

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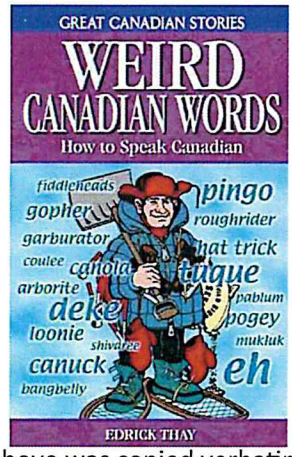
EH

Perhaps no word is considered as distinctly Canadian as 'eh'. The word has been in use for well over 1000 years, with roots in both Latin, Old English and Middle English. In Latin, it was derived from the word *interietio*, which means "something thrown in between." In Middle English, the word was *ey*, and interjection common in Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Even then, the word was considered slang, and little has changed over the centuries. In Canada, eh is used at the end of a statement, basically turning the statement into a rhetorical question and tacitly assuming the other person's agreement—"It's cold in Canada, eh? I sure could go for a beer, eh?" and so forth. It's not exactly clear how the expression became so popular in Canada and how it became so closely identified with the country. Even in 1959, the *Journal of Canadian Linguistic Association* was reporting that "eh is so exclusively a Canadian feature that immigration officials use it as an identifying clue."



The above was copied verbatim from a book I was gifted — so I could share the contents with you.

CHIMO

First recorded in 1748, although probably much older, chimo is the Inuit equivalent of hello or greetings. It also means friendship. According to some accounts, when meeting in the North, people would run their chests in a circular motion and then say, "Chimo?" to which the other person would respond in kind, In that context, chimo was being used to ask,
"Are you friendly?"

I found this entry in the same book as above article. I wonder if that is the basis behind Chimo Road in Irondale?

Estimated 500 people attend Kinmount water sports show

An estimated 500 people were in attendance at the Lions Club water sports neld at Kinmount on Saturday evening, starting at 5 p.m. President Jack Thompson and members of the club expressed appreciation of the interest taken by not only local persons but many summer visitors. Major events were completed before the heavy storm which broke over the area.

Events got underway with Edgar Scruttop, swimming instructor at Bancroft, giving a demonstration of mouth-to-mouth resusciation.

Following are the events and first prize winners: Swimming race, boys 12 and under-Ricky Mansfield, Kinmount; Swimming race, girls 12 and under-Bonnie Pogue; Double canoe race, boys 14 and under-Claude Hancock, Irondale and Bill Eakins, Toronto; Swimming race, girls, 14 and under-Joyce Reynolds; Double canoe race for men-Phil Watson, Kinmount and Tommy Williamson, Toronto; Boys swim 14 and under-George Simmons, Irondale; Free for all swim, men, Archie Breinlinger; Catching of duck—John Weir (a summer visitor) time 12 minutes; Girls' free-for-all swim-Sandra Schisler; Canoe tilting-Bill Scott and Norman Gilmore eliminating Bud and Len Pheipher in the final event; Canoe tilting — First event-Tommy Williamson and Phil Watson eliminated Terry Hartin and Jimmy Mark, time five minutes; Second event — Bud Pheipher and Len Pheipher, eliminated Edgar Scrutton and Peter Pretzold, time seven minutes; Third event — Bill Scott, Kinmount and Norman Gilmore eliminated Tommy Williamson and Phil Watson in two minutes; Final event — Bill Scott and Norman Gilmore eliminated Len and Bud Pheipher in ten minutes; Single canoe race for men-Bud Pheipher; Crab race-Edgar Scrutton; Log rolling contest-Stephen Hancock, Irondale put on a demonstration which was rained out and finalized the day's sports.

Lindsay Daily Post newspaper, Tues., August 7, 1962
Kawartha Lakes Museum & Archives
ttps://www.klmuseumarchives.ca/

Ties

By Dabney Stuart

When I faded back to pass
Late in the game, as one
Who has been away some time
Fades back into memory,
My father who had been nodding
At home by the radio
Would wake asking
My mother, who had not
Been listening, "What's the score?"
And she would answer, "Tied."
While the pass I threw
Hung high in the brilliant air
Beneath the dark, like a star.

In honour of Football Season approaching, I offer this poem found in one of the books donated over the years, to raise funds for our projects.

with heartfelt sympathy

Since the last issue we learned we lost a member of our community.

Thomas James Lee
June 24, 2024
Husband of Dorothy Lee,
father of James, Deborah & Janet

"Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts"

Japanese legend ...

"If you feel like you're losing everything, remember, trees lose their leaves every year, yet they still stand tall and wait for better days to come."

A Follow up ...

Page one of the June/July newsletter showed an advert for the Fred Simmons Texaco.

I was aware of, and had saw pictures of the store that Fred & Pearl ran in their home at the corner of 503 & Irondale Rd, but I had not realized they offered gas as well.

Brenda Simmons shared the picture to the right— clearing showing the gas signage.

The young fellow is Gary Simmons, one of Brenda's brothers.

Thanks Brenda for sharing the picture.

Susan Buckingham's grandfather ...

Susan Buckingham's grandfather, Frederick Griffin, was not only a world renowned 'ace' reporter & war correspondent for the Toronto Star, but he wrote stories for Comics!

He contributed 18 text stories (the most submitted by one person) to Bell Features Comics.

His first story was probably in Commando Comics No. 4 which was the only one he signed Fred Victor Griffin; after that he signed his stories as Vic Griffin.

Side note—"He soon rose to the ranks of feature writer for the paper and must have worked alongside American ex-patriot, Ernest Hemingway while he was employed by The Star from 1920-23. Later he rubbed elbows in The Star offices with Gordon Sinclair & Gregory Clark and eventually served as the paper's chief war correspondent for over three years during the European conflict. Griffin didn't begin contributing material to Bell Features comics until early 1943 and must have been sending his stories in from Europe along with his war reports. Griffin covered the Canadian war effort in Dunkirk, Dieppe, with the Canadian First Division through Sicily, and through D-Day itself. Altogether Griffin worked at the star for thirty years and during that time his byline was one of the most recognized in Canada covering all the major events of the period. He was also known for sending out some of the first accurate and honest reports from inside Russia during the early years of its great communist experiment."

Quote copied verbatim from www.comicbookdaily.com

Frederick Griffin died in 1946. A portion of his obituary read ""For more than a month during the fiercest fighting in Holland, Griffin drove 160 miles a day, in an open jeep, in foul weather, to cover the battle lines - living on cold bully beef lunches and returning to his billet at night to write and cable his stories."

Frederick would have been in his 50s at this time and must have been writing his comic book stories under the same circumstances!

Turn to page 5 to see the covers of his comic book stories.

Patricia's Trivia — Test Your Brain Cells

1. What is considered the oldest international trophy still competed for?
2. True or False—a reindeer and a caribou are essentially the same animal.
3. Who had a 2021 hit song with "Save Your Tears"
4. What ocean includes the Sargasso Sea, a section warmed by currents?
5. How old was Queen Victoria when she became queen in 1837?
6. Did the New Horizons space probe or Voyager1 travel to Pluto?
7. How many sides does a snowflake have?
8. Where in Ontario was North America's first commercial oil well built in 1850?
9. What LA Lakers player now holds the all time NBA scoring record?
10. What planet close to Earth has a moon called Phobos?
11. What became mandatory in Canada in November 1975?
12. What does CYA mean in texting lingo?

Answers found elsewhere in this issue.

Can you Help?

Looking for a few more businesses to advertise with us, in our bi-monthly newsletters.

We lost a few recently due to circumstances that had nothing to do with us.... moving out of area, closed the business, etc.

Contact us with your suggestions historical@IrondaleOntario.ca

We want to thank all of those that attended our Spring Fling in early June. Some of you were vendors, some donated bake goods, others volunteered their time to sell, bbq, run the games help with set up and tear down and provide tours.

Thanks to Kingsley Greenham, the grounds looked great with having the grass cut in time.
Linda Code did a great job with coordinating everything.

A special thank you to those that came through with lending canopies for our vendors— SDLCA (through Doug Rodger), CANOE FM Radio, Beth Knowler, Ivor Thompson and Generator Solutions.

Weatherman told many that we were to have rain all day—so we had five vendors cancel. Too bad since we didn't have any rain at all on the day.

Regardless we had a very good day. Many good conversations. Lots of used books, baked goods and burgers/dogs sold. The day's profits just over $800

THANK YOU to all volunteers. We always appreciate the help.

As your editor, I was doing some more research to share with you.
I came across this article in the Toronto Star, August 15, 1939, on page 3

Ape-Men In Haliburton? Just Monkey Business

There Are, Reporters Find, (a) No Skeleton-Filled Caves, (b) No Missing Men, (c) No Tarzans—It's Strictly the Malarkey

Toronto Star
Aug 15, 1939, pg 3

Special to the Star

Irondale, Ont. Aug 15—"No matter how thin you slice it—you know the rest." said J. Hooper, postmaster and operator of the general store in this tiny Haliburton town today when reporters descended on him to investigate a fantastic yarn.

To start from scratch, Toronto newspapers received the following wire yesterday: "Report reaching here from tourist to the effect three skeletons found in cave. Also reported two ape-men frequenting countryside. Three men have been reported missing here recently."

Without delay staff cars, photographers and reporters headed north from Irondale. Over rough and bumpy roads and through the lofty Haliburton hills the reporters rushed. They tore through Lindsay, Coboconk, Fenelon Falls and Norland. They swung sharply east to Kinmount and then headed north again to Irondale.

Irondale is a diminutive sort of place, scattered over a mile or so of the Haliburton hills and plains. Main rendezvous of the residents is the post-office-general store, operated by Mr. & Mrs. Hooper.

"What," asked the reporters, "is all this about skeletons and ape-men and stuff?" "Don't tell my you fell for that story, too," said Mr. Hooper. "How in the world did that start?"

'There are more reporters around here than we've had since the year of the big flood." he continued. "We haven't any idea as to how the story got around. We haven't any apes up here. It is true one man has been missing for some months in this vicinity and that several years ago two others got lost from vacations resorts many miles from here."

"But," he continued, "this story has them all beat. First, there aren't any caves around here. "If there were," added Mr. Hoooper, "they wouldn't be big enough to hold any three skeletons."
Mr. Hooper didn't explain just how big the caves near Irondale would be—if there

continued pg 4

EVERYONE will go thru this discarding of "things" that are the memories of one' life.

I read this the other day—likely something on Facebook and knew it had to be shared ...

"EVERYONE will go thru this discarding of "things" that are the memories of one' life. Sometimes it's our own and more often it's the life of someone we love.....

When my mom was cleaning out her house over 23 years ago to sell it, I wasn't very sympathetic over her attachments to things. I would go over on weekends to help her and we would go through things, things for a yard sale, things to donate, things to throw away. I would usually get upset over how long it was taking her to decide. For instance, we were going through kitchen cabinets and she spent 20 minutes looking at an iron kettle with a lid. Finally I said, "Mom, at this rate it is going to take us another 2 years."

She told me that her mother used to make meals in that kettle and leave them at doorsteps of neighbors during the depression, mom would deliver them, and then they would reappear back to her with an apron, or a wood carving, something in return for the meal. I realized that everything that my mom was going through was really a reliving of her life.

If you are reading this and are under the age of 60, you wont get it. You haven't lived long enough. Most of you have not had to move your parents into a nursing home, or emptied their home. You haven't lived long enough to realize that the hours you spend picking out the right cabinets, or the perfect tile will not be what matters in the later years. It will be the handmade toothbrush holder, or a picture that you got on vacation.

So, if your parents are downsizing, and moving to smaller places, or selling a home, give your mom and even your dad a break. Those things that you don't understand why they can't just pitch, and why you think you know what needs to be tossed or saved, give them a little time to make their decisions. They are saying goodbye to their past, and realizing that they are getting ready for their end of life, while you are beginning your life.

As I have been going through things, its amazing just how hard it is to get rid of objects. But, life goes on, and you realize they are just things, but sometimes things comfort us. So give your parents or grandparents a break. Listen to their stories, because in 40 years, when you are going through those boxes and the memories come back, it will be hard to get rid of those plastic champagne flutes that you and your late husband used at a New Years party 40 years ago. You will think nothing of the tile or the light fixtures that were so important then.

As happy as they are for you, and as much as they love you, you just don't have a clue until it happens to you and then you will remember how you rushed them, and it will make you sad, especially if they are already gone and you cannot say "I'm sorry, I didn't get it." ~ Original Post Melissa Vaughan

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Ape-Men In Haliburton?

Continued from pg 2

were any. He just said they wouldn't be big enough for three skeletons.

"Then there haven't been three men missing from this locality at all," he said. "And last of all, the only ape we've every heard of around hee is the fellow who apparently tried to be funny and broadcast this rumor." "The story as you heard is comparatively mild though. One reporter told me the report his paper got was that there were five apes in a cave. Somebody tired to get in and after a desperate struggle shot three of the apes. Two escaped and after that, they found the skeletons. That yarn is a masterpiece."

Checking with other residents of Irondale revealed Mr. Hooper was quite correct, for no one had ever heard of the skeleton cave—ape man story.

Patricia's Trivia Answers — How did you do?

1) The America's Cup; 2) True; 3) The Weekend; 4) the Atlantic Ocean; 5)Eighteen; 6) New Horizons; 7) Six; 8) Oil Springs, Ont; 9) Lebron James; 10) Mars; 11) Wearing Seatbelts; 12) See You How many did you get right?

COMMANDO COMICS 19

DOUBLE V.C.

By FRED VICTOR GRIFFIN

About forty-eight years of age, with a youthful freshness of countenance, a shock of wavy hair turning to iron grey, and carrying two hundred pounds of well proportioned weight—that was Jim MacDonald, ex-captain of the Royal Air Force.

He was sitting at lunch with his wife, an attractive brunette, five years his junior, mother of three young children, but still retaining the flush of young womanhood, bright smiling rounded cheeks, firm neat figure of average proportions.

They were sipping after luncheon wine in a downtown hotel, and engaging in a somewhat spasmodic conversation.

"Beginning to look like Canada's really at war," remarked Jim's wife—"look at the number of soldiers here—what a lot of young chaps are joining the Air Force."

"Yes, I was noticing," replied Jim—"beeins to look like the old days when I was one of 'em myself—boy, how they rushed 'em into it in 1914-15."

"And didn't they just do marvels with the old crates they had to fly?" continued his wife.

"What do you know about the old crates?" smiled Jim.

"Well," she relied, "there was a friend who used to visit our home, he was a

ACTIVE COMICS 11

The Cockney Ranchero

By Vic Griffin

"A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss," but it gathers a lot of experience, the experience of hard knocks, or the experience we gain through the contacting of the many kinds of people it takes to make up a world. This story will deal with a bit of ranch life in our own Western Canada and a character with whom I came in contact, the type of which I have never before since met anywhere.

I was working on the Circle X ranch in Alberta, just another cowboy, and naturally no novelty to the great western country, just one of a dozen whose job it was to take care of old man Jeff's (Jefferwons) cattle, one of those busy-fisted, raw-boned-face sons of the plains. Great chap at heart but had no time for slackers, you really worked on Jeff's ranch, but he was the first one to help give the boys a good time, and his retired wife believed the way to a cowboy's heart was through his stomach, which made a pretty complete set-up.

The boys were a happy and jovial crowd and a mixed one too, for besides half a dozen original westerners, from Alberta, Manitoba and British Columbia, there were two Swedes, a Dane, an American cousin from Montana, a Greek and myself, a much-travelled Englishman. Occasionally there was a bit of a rumpus, especially when some liquor was smuggled into camp, for with the

Left picture - from Commando Comics No. 4

Right picture - From Active Comics No. 9

42 ACTIVE COMICS

"HE DIDN'T LIKE THE ARMY"

By VIC GRIFFIN

BIF

ILLUST. BY MURRAY KARN

It takes all kinds of people to make a world and it also takes all kinds of men to make an army. This was soon discovered by Jerry Hunter when he changed from his office suit of blue to Canadian Army khaki, for all his life he had spent in the one job and really had done very nicely — head bookkeeper when he left, and the firm he was with was an easy-going organization where so long as one attended to their duties, they were not interfered with.

Jerry knew the organization and its ways thoroughly, so he carried on without orders or interference of any kind from others of the staff. Naturally, therefore, when he found himself amongst a mixture of mechanics, farmers, business men, salesmen, ex-policemen, etc., etc., he felt very much out of place, but the thing that hurt most was the bellowing of the sergeant. He had never known what it meant to take an order, so a snappy "Shut ya trap and stand at attention" from the sergeant's lusty lungs, sunk him down to zero.

Jerry didn't hesitate to express himself quite freely as to his feelings about army life—why the heck should he be pulled into it?—just getting along fine and bingo went his career and so on, and so forth,—he just lived for the day when he could change back to that blue suit again. He had been drafted to a camp a few miles from Fisherman's Cove, north of Halifax on the Nova Scotia coast. He fell into conversation with some of his soldier travelling companions. "Say," said one of them, didja hear about that dance hall fire in Halifax? "Boy, oh boy! that was a bad one—seems funny to me, there's a lot of queer things happened in the Maritimes lately, fires, explosions, train derailed, etc, looks like sabotage to me."

"Well, can't tell," answered Jerry un-

"DIME" COMICS 45

Vic GRIFFIN'S TRUE WORLD WIDE ADVENTURES

Illustrated by Edmond Good

"UNDER THE SEA BY AIR!"

WITH VIC GRIFFIN, ADVENTURER, PILOT, EXPLORER and AUTHOR

After almost six months of war, we still look towards the North Sea and Atlantic Ocean for our headlines in the local paper, more ships torpedoed, submarines sunk, convoys attacked, air attacks on English coastal towns and so forth. All Canada eagerly looks over the news to the welfare of British shipping on the seven seas. We have many old countrymen in this great Dominion of ours and naturally they still visualize many of the sea events which appear almost daily, better than those who have never visited England or Scotland, but even at that it is practically impossible to realize what all this means unless one has had the actual experience in North Sea shipping protection and enemy submarine patrol. With this in mind and the public eye on the North Sea, I thought you may like to have the story first-hand from my own experiences during the last world war.

In 1915 I was delivered a shipload of horses from Montana in France. I found myself in London, where I met an old friend who suggested that as I had had such a variety of experiences in my travels around the world during the past few years, I was just the right type for flying. The suggestion appealed to me and in a few days I found myself in the Royal Naval Air Service attending a school for wireless, signalling, gunnery, bombing and all that goes with the building up of an observer. The need for observers was becoming very evident and little over a month later I found myself ploughing the clouds of the North Sea in a coastwise dirigible. As very little is generally known about these gasbags of the airlanes, a few facts may be interesting. They varied from approximately 150 to 350 feet in length, that is the non-rigid type, which were the only ones existent at that time—

Bottom left - from Active Comics No. 11

Bottom right - Vic Griffin masthead designed by Edmond Good from Dime Comics No. 9 and used for his stories in Dime Comics

Esther Graham showcased some of her handmade quilts and embroidery work.

Erin Templeton, Shirley Bauld & Glenda Simmons helped visitors choose their favourite baked goods.

Photos by Mike Baker, Highlander Newspaper, Haliburton, Ontario

Susie's Musings

You have to be strong when you feel like giving up, have to fight when you just want to run away. Because sometimes that is all you can do to keep going.

My goal is not to be better than anyone else, but to be better than I use to be.

One of the most sincere forms of respect is actually listening to what another has to say.

To thrive in life, you need three bones—a wish bone, a back bone and a funny bone.

The best revenge is none. Heal, move on and don't become like those who hurt you.

Don't be afraid when life decides to challenge you. You have faced many storms before and have overcome them, and you will be strong enough to do it again.

Dorothe Comber's Favourite Cookies

Dorothe's father, Walter Comber was the Oxford-trained educator brought over from England to tutor children in the Boyd Family—the family owned a very successful sawmill and much of Bobocaygeon. Later Walter opened Hillcroft, a private school on North Street in Bobcaygeon.

Dorothe taught home economics at high schools in Wingham & Port Perry, returning each summer to Bobcaygeon, before retiring there. A devoted member of Trinity United Church, Dorothe was very interested in the community, and wrote the Amy Ellen Cosh Memorial History of the Village of Bobcaygeon in 1972 (honouring a long-time local librarian). Dorothe did not marry, but took a great interest in caring for neighbouring children, buying them ice cream & sharing her favourite cookies.

We share her recipe here … compliments of the Maryboro Lodge Museum in Fenelon Falls

Picture—Dorothe Comber, born November 4, 1904, photographed December 1965.

¾ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
3/8 cup chopped walnuts
1 ½ cup oats
¼ cup margarine
½ cup brown sugar
½ lb washed seeded raisins
2 eggs
Rind of 1 orange, very fine

Put raisins in a bowl, pour boiling water over them. Mix margarine, brown sugar, orange rind and eggs. Lift raisins from water add to above mixture and mix well. If you have time, allow these moist ingredients to stand.
Add dry ingredients to the moist ones. Grease cookie sheets very slightly with oil. Using 2 teaspoons to put one dozen cookies on each sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 14 minutes. This recipe will make 3 dozen cookies.

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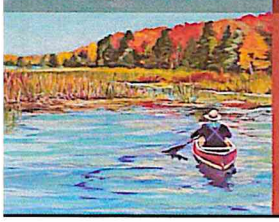

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Irondale Events are advertised in these local papers - available at most stores across the county.

THE ECHO HALIBURTON COUNTY | The Times MINDEN ONTARIO | County Life Celebrating arts and culture in the Haliburton Highlands

~ Irondale Calendar of Events ~

These are tentative dates - depends on state of pandemic and rental of community centres.
Please be sure to check the appropriate website and/or Facebook pages to get up to date information

2024	Unless otherwise noted - Tickets available email irondalehistory@gmail.com or call/text 705-457-8438
Sat. Aug 3 **Sun. Aug 4**	Salerno Devil's Lake Cottage Association's AGM , Canoe Race, BBQ & Children's Games on SUNDAY check www.sdlca.ca for up to date information.
Sat. Aug 17	Boot Sale....an outdoor sale at which people sell things from the trunk of their car. Space is limited, register today ... Etransfer $5 per space to historical@IrondaleOntario.ca
Sat. Sept 21	**Harvest Festival** - We celebrate the fall season with BBQ, Bake Sale, vendors, contests, artist showcase and more 11am – 4pm on the heritage property at 1019 Elm Rd FREE ADMISSION *B.L.C.D. event*
Oct. 21 to 27	Moose Season in the Irondale area. Please be cautious when out walking or riding. Be sure to wear orange so you are easily seen.
Sat. Nov 2 **to** **Mon. Nov 11**	**Service, Courage & Sacrifice -** 10am to 4pm each day - a display of flags of those brave individuals associated with Irondale, that served Canada in various aspects of war. Wander the grounds in remembrance, visit indoor displays of military memorabilia. New flags & displays from last year!
Sun. Nov 3	**"In the Footsteps of Heroes" at 1pm**. Presented by Belinda Wilson—a 15-day trip through Northern France and Belgium, exploring Canadian battlefields, memorials and cemeteries from both World
Sat. Nov 9	Traditional way to end the season ... Dinner at the Irondale Community Centre. Menu has yet to be planned. Doors open at 5, Dinner at 5:30. $25 per person *B.L.C.D. event*
Dec.	We wish you and yours a Very Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and the best that 2025 can bring.

Volunteerism:
The rent we pay to live in a good community

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